

he owls like he was a klotty, an puts his sticky hands onto fokes faces, an smashes in his drunken glasses, an puts his hands on the faces of the girls, an says he is the skum of the ertn an shal be flang in to the lake of fier an brim stone. If I was a girl I rather be a hop todo, cos wen thar hop todo sees a fly he holes it with his long ern ern, an blame by he duns it, an flies it an hunches his back, an smiles. Then he looks up at you mity sober, much as to say "We have you dunn with that fly?" But he knows mity wel he e it.

Hop todos in the flang of all creatures, an hunches fierer an slicker, an eis, noid fride, is the pantudoos for me!